

Dear ^{Dr} Dye,

6/7/92

This explanation - and caution- about suggestions in your other-bullets chapter

Up for the second time a few minutes after midnight, I returned to reading the chapter, which came yesterday, and noting a few suggestion by hand. I began reading it when I tired in writing what suddenly I thought of as 'JAMA Games. (Bqd title? Yesterday I like a chapter title that does not come from Gabriel Garcia Marquez but from JAM's own words, "28 years of Silence.") After about an hour I took a nap. Johns Hopkins agrees that my staying awake for a while enables me to breathe naturally, without interruptions for a while, for me to have more oxygen. After about an hour I was reading again, sitting with my legs up in the living room where it is less uncomfortable than at my desk, where I can type. There was no need to type, the corrections I suggest were simple and easy until I came to the acknowledged missed shot. And aside from clarifying some of that I felt that after all your calm and dispassionate treatment of these terrible indecencies and dishonesties a different treatment is called for. Indignation. Outrage. Ridicule. and pointed, unequivocal statements of what it means.

I did not realize when I began it that it would entail as much as it did so I kept on writing, holding the paper in a clipboard I held in one hand while writing with the other. So it is less legible than my usual scrawl.

^{But} ~~my~~ because of the added illegibility and because I began it with so little sleep please read it carefully and critically.

When I realized it was after five and that a friend the former mall security guard would expect me before five with the grocery coupons I'd save for him I drove to the convenience store where he works weekend night to supplement his inadequate Social Security. It was while driving there that these thoughts suggested themselves.

Now, a little after dawn, I'll get to the Post. Depends on how I feel whether I resume this or my own writing when I finish the Post. Or take another nap.

I'm up to where you refer to the second FOIA case for the results of the scientific testing. ⁽³²⁾ When I return to that what I've suggested in the existing handwritten pages may not be as clear in my mind as they are now. So be careful in reading my suggestions and be certain that if I continue suggest^{ing} the change indicated above it is consistent with what I've to now suggested.

It is a different approach that you used. I do think it is called for, that it is time to be indignant, outraged, shamed and disgraced, and to say so and to make the emotion and the reasons for it clear to the reader.

Also, I think you are, as I've indicated, confused about those two students^N who said they'd found a bullet later in Dealey Plaza. They did not come here. The only bullet I gave the FBI is Emory Brown's and Lichtinger returned that, ^ereading from what he had written on a yellow riled pad, clearly what had been dictat^ed to him by his home office, ^Baltimore, or by FBIHQ. Records I later got explain this: those nuts in the FBI thought I would

exploit any letter from it to make it appear that I cooperated with it. Which in fact I've done often and never mention.

The only other time Lichtinger was here that I can recall is when he returned what I then gave you¹, all that inside stuff I got from a source who was a Minuteman network director. I'd loaned it to the Baltimore County police, with which I then was working on extremists, they thought it was important, so when they returned it I offered it to Lichtinger. I'm sure he got an OK for getting it and that they worried whether as they see the rest of the world I'd make use of it because they borrowed it or because they did not.

Come to think of it, that's a helluva file. From their literature on how to begin with a sack of fertilizer and wind up with a bomb that can destroy a building when explosives in those days were not as readily available as now to the probability that their informer Grathwohl who had penetrated the extreme splitoff from SDS and had been responsible for the explosion in the Greenwich Village townhouse owned by the publisher in which some died¹, from which Kathy Boudin escaped alive and later turned herself in.

As I'm again reminded, their lawyer, a New Yorker¹, used that same file to get the White Panther case in Michigan thrown out of court over Grathwohl's actions with those left extremists.

That's quite a file, isn't it?

Did I ever tell you that when the Baltimore County police asked me to turn my informer over to them because they wanted to learn how to penetrate the Minutemen in their own area and I agreed I lost my informer? Haven't heard from him since.

I turned him on with what I did and said in an all-night San Francisco radio talk show on a Saturday night⁽¹²⁻⁵⁻⁶⁸⁾. We never met! Yet he trusted me and I did not disclose him to the Baltimore county Police or the FBI until they asked me to, not the FBI, and I asked him.

Ordinarily I would not have. But I regarded those Minutemen as dangerous enough to do it before they could do serious harm around here.

No more rambling! To the morning paper!

Heard